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Other American sculptors, viz.: Rogers, Bartholomew, Ives, Akers, &c., are very busy with commissions from home, and are fast achieving fame and fortune for themselves. Mr. Ives is regarded as a most promising artist. Nor must we forget to mention Miss Hosmer, the Yankee Girl, whose labors with the chisel are now recognized as those of a true genius of Art. She is a close student, a patient laborer, and full of the inspiration of the Masters, and gives promise of acquiring a very honorable position for herself. Many women are painters, and attain to great proficiency, but Miss H. is alone in her profession. We trust she may soon find the recognition she merits. Her "Beatrice Cenci, asleep, the evening before her execution," is pronounced a very successful effort by those who have been permitted to look upon it. We have not yet mustered courage sufficient to invade her studio with our inquisitive glance and Yankee questioning.

I could write you yet several pages concerning Art and Artists here, but must refrain; this "sitting" has been long enough, I infer, for your one hundred thousand readers. I may write again soon, if I conclude not to return to Düsseldorf for the winter.

Wishing you all good success in your highly honorable enterprise of bringing Art before the people,

I am yours, sincerely,

ATELIER.

ROME, ITALY, November, 1856.



The *Journal*, of Syracuse, N. Y., was in ecstasies over the Cosmopolitan paintings, exhibited in that city. It discoursed: "They are the most splendid we have ever seen in this city, or anywhere, and no one can look upon them without being deeply sensible of the superior and masterly skill of the artists whose hands have so closely and naturally transferred the scenes of nature to canvas. We were fairly in ecstasies while looking at them, and the longer we gazed at their beauty, the more we could see to admire and commend. It required something of an effort, on our part, to leave the room." What would have become of our friend had he dropped down into the Galleries of the Association, previous to the just past distribution?

## WILD OATS ABROAD.



DEAR ART JOURNAL:—I promised you, dear D., to write you from over the sea, of what I might do and see in the "far cuntry" of Germany, Italy, and Turkey; and being a person who never plights promise in vain, I here give you my first contribution—perhaps you will hope it shall be my last! If ever a fellow was pleased, it is myself—not with the privilege of writing for the wonderful "our Journal," for that does make me feel a little "skeered;" but I have laughed ever since I arrived at Havre. First, when the steamer came into dock, one morning, we opened our eyes upon "la belle France," and such a France! There were old sheds, so musty, the dust looked gray on the roofs; and the little smoky old men and women—well, they looked as much like snuff-bladders or Bologna sausages, for legs, as anything else. I commenced laughing there, and have not got over it yet. I have had what us boys call a "good time" generally. The very first day the Garçon, at my eating house, broke his shins in trying to kick me for a ha! ha! over what I called *dog-soup*; and since then I have had such a series of peculiar experiences, that I have no prospect of being *soberly* convalescent for the next six months.

When we landed, "all hands" had to fork-over trunk keys, and the "scrub fee," which means a gold dollar to the official, to let you off easy on any cigars, Colt's revolvers, and New-York Tribunes you may chance to have among your traps. As my luggage consisted chiefly of a felt hat; a pair of studio pantaloons, well daubed with the green and brown of my landscapes, which "beat nature all to pieces" in more ways than one; a yellow silk cravat, with spots of dark, supposed to be finger spots of lamp-black; several pairs of *holy* stockings, to wear in Rome, during Holy Week; and a few shirts, which a French seamstress would have considered a miracle of art, each bosom being ornamented with one of my immaculate landscapes: as this was all my "baggage," I was allowed to pass—I must say it—under a *very* close scrutiny from the Custom-House cormorants, who

really mistook me for an Indian or Arab, they could not say which. Putting my passport in the hands of the man in golden epaulettes, I had time to eye him; and when the pass was properly returned *vised*, I marched off, whistling the *Marseillaise*. The astonishment of the officials was complete, and they put their heads together, wondering what manner of man is that. Once in France, and free of the "Customers," I said "Here's for it!" and so have had a jolly time all around.

"*Sans raison!*" muttered the Garçon, as I took from the soup what appeared to be worms, and laid them out on the board, to use my eye-glass upon them. The little Frenchman was horror-struck, and only smiled when I laid my half franc on the table. Putting my fingers in my mouth, I blew a regular Indian yahoo; the Frenchman dropped his waiter, tumbled over a bench, and rushed out of doors, evidently to alarm the police. I concluded it was time for the Paris train, and so took up my *traps* and moved. I did not see any pictures in Havre!

"I arrived in Paris duly," as Napoleon said to the French army, after his run from Marseilles and Elbe, preparatory to Waterloo; and, like my great predecessor, I did not know what to do with myself after I "arrived." I laid my carpet-bag upon a shelf in the Porter's Lodge of the Hotel "La Bedbug," as I know it should be called; and then I "tramped" to see the sights. For days I did nothing else but *parlez vous Français*; but made such poor progress, that when the cigar girl talked of "*le salle à manger*," I thought she told me her name was Sally a Manager. Oh, the scrapes I got into by my inquisitive propensities! Nobody but my cigar girl appreciated me. She said to a gruff fellow, who didn't like my grin at his expense, "*J'aime ce charmant jeune homme*," and forthwith I fell in love with her, and so saw into a good many little mysteries. Oh, how the time flew! and not a gallery visited! What would my Aunt Jacobina say if she knew how I was "pursuing my studies abroad!"

But I made my exit, finally, from the city, leaving the Tuilleries, St. Germain, and all behind, at a 2.40 pace. It happened thus: one day, as I was making my way to the Palace, to study some Davids, and a new canvas by Delaroche, just exposed, I was passed by a troop of splendidly mounted horsemen, forming a



hollow square, in the centre of which, rode an oily-faced chap, whose ensemble reminded me of a butcher, whose cast I once "painted." "Who is that?" said I. "*L'Empereur! Viva l'Empereur,*" said a half-dozen persons on the walk, though the greater portion of passers-by held their faces straight ahead, and appeared not to notice the cavalcade. "The *Emperor!* the deuce you say! Ha, ha! he, he! ho, ho!" and laugh I must, to think that that turnip-headed, butcher-colored, stall-fed looking personage should prove to be the "man of the age," the son of the Dutch Admiral, French monarch. "*Qu'y a-t-il;*" said a bushy-looking customer. "Why, I am laughing at the idea that that man should be the Emperor." It was well that the official did not "furstay," for a stranger, coming along, whispered in my ear that he was "Informant," and would be compelled to report me to the police; so I *again left*. The image of the Bastille never was a pleasing one to my mind. I *scattered*, as we Yankees say, and opened my eyes next in Haarlem, in Dootchland."

In Holland! Je-ru-sa-lem, if this don't beat the ducks: a whole domain rescued from the sea! Well, I had to laugh at the idea, that people would be such fools as to pump out the sea, to raise carrots on the bottom, when all "out West" can be had for a few Dutch dollars. And then it occurred to me, if a fellow should stick a hole through that dyke, or should "pull out the plug" somewhere, what a scattering there would be among wooden shoes and pork-barrel legs! "What you pe laugh at?" said a great big Dutchman, with a pipe, which resembled the worm in old Giles' distillery, in one hand, and a blunderbuss in another, as he marched along on the Dyke. "Why," said I, "if I should let in a few acres of this sea, would'nt there be a row among these literally *dam* Dutch?" "Ah, eh! you epes one tam good rogueish, and I vill sthoph you mit dis way!" So saying, he stuck his bayonet at my breast. In a twinkling I capsized him, with a kick in his beer cask, and, laughing to split my sides, to see him turn a sunset into the sea, I escaped, knowing I should soon have all Holland after me, when it would be hard to beat the Dutch. I hurried to my hotel, stole my room-mate's passport, and laughing at the predicament I left him in, in that subsoil wooden-shoe town, made my way over the Rhine in double

quick time. Won't that Dutchman be mad when he crawls up the dyke from the bottom of the sea, with neither meershaum nor bagnet. I shall laugh a week at the face he made up when I put my boot into his paunch. It was like the letter O, full of wrinkles.

A dear child I am, verily! In Baden, and not a single gallery have I visited; not a studio have I entered; not a master have I studied! What for did I come to Europe? I don't know if 'twas not to laugh; and I declare to you, dear D., that I had rather, at any time, have a right good muss, with some big laughs in it, than to eye-glass the best daub the Flemings ever did. I can *study* enough at home; and I'll be hanged if I go moping through Europe, just to be wise as an owl (and as big a fool) when I get home. So here goes it—for a canter anywhere, everywhere, and a laugh just when I please.

Here there is much to please, if a man can make up his mind to go into the Kreutzer houses, where the students drink their villainous *swill*, which they call beer. These Germans are a queer set of people. The students are not young men, as the class generally is with us, at home; but embrace all ages and conditions of men, from the beardless boy to the aged sire. The German mind is not one of the never-you-minds; but is as full of inquiry as an old out-west coach is full of cracks, to let in the light and let out the dust. It is study, and swill lager-bier; and swill lager bier, and study, and dispute, with an occasional tongue fight, which is a caution to the females of our back settlements. I don't understand a word of their eternal jargon—it is all goose-gabble to me; but affords me just as much fun as if I could "jaw" every fellow to his own tune. I am off, to-morrow, for Frankfort, and then for a trip up the Rhine, when you may hear from me again. If I do not write, either believe that I have become *sober*, or that that Dutchman has "come up out of the deep," and has run his bayonet through me. I never was made for prison or poor-house; so never fear either of these calamities in my case.

Adieu, and believe me yours in a hurry,

WILD OATS.

BADEN, Sept. 10th, 1856.

## HOME CORRESPONDENCE AND CHIT-CHAT.

[The number of correspondents of the Association is large—nearly equal to the sum of its subscribers. From so many pages of MSS. it may be presumed that many good things are said, and much good feeling expressed. So it is;—were there no public expression of the Press to encourage us in our enterprise, the mails would serve to keep us in heart, not only by their *material* remittances, but by the words of cheer with which almost every single subscription is accompanied; while the daily receipt of long lists, from Honorary Secretaries, in all sections of the Union, also accompanied by the most encouraging news of art-interest, add so much to our courage, that we feel like "Young America," when promised a high-spirited horse by his indulgent father, for some good action performed.]

At this time of writing—a few weeks before the Distribution—we should like to say many things to subscribers, in answer to queries, suggestions, &c.; but, as the replies would be too late for service, we must do as Napoleon I. used to, with his friendly advisers and correspondents, viz.:—let their notes lay unanswered, for, in time, they answered themselves. This we do most unwillingly, for the reason that we could say many things of interest, and perhaps of profit, to the great mass who are showing so much interest in the matters of the Association. Another year's operations, probably, will place us so far ahead of time as to allow proper consideration of all correspondence, enabling a solution of every query and problem propounded. So may it be!

But we are absorbing space which should be devoted to others. From the many letters laid upon our table, we may be permitted to quote of a few, their expressions of good-feeling and hearty wishes for our success.]



ON. N. P. TALL-  
MADGE, late of New-  
York, now of Fon-du-  
Lac, Wisconsin, writes  
us, in ordering the engraving, "Saturday Night," as follows:—

"A friend has shown me a number of your Journal, and I must say I have seen no work which is so well calculated to instruct and interest the reader, to improve and expand his views by cultivating a taste for the Fine Arts. The plan upon which the whole scheme is got up is, in my judgment, well calculated to advance the public mind in a due appreciation of works of Art, and, at the same time, to inspire a high tone of moral feeling which a cultivation of the Arts always brings with it. I congratulate you upon your ennobling and humanizing enterprise. I most sincerely wish you success in your great and laudable undertaking; and can only add, GOD-SPEED!"

JOHN W. FRANCIS, our Secretary at Fort Plain, on remitting his list, says: "The enterprise meets with the warm